

Arabella 1677

Chapter 1677

"Who the heck are you?" Sam struggled, shocked by the grip of the young girl. He hadn't expected a teenage girl to pack such a punch. There was definitely more to her than met the eye!

"Boss, what do we do?" Horace was taken aback. Another crew had shown up, eager to snatch Sam from them, and they were well-armed, while they were completely unarmed.

Suddenly, a swarm of henchmen spilled out from the auction house. They were all under Steward's thumb, working together from the inside out, all to ensure they walked away with Sam tonight.

Now, Arabella and Horace found themselves surrounded on all sides.

"Boss, maybe we should just let them have him for now and we can nab him another time," Horace took one look at the situation and realized escaping from their clutches was going to be nigh on impossible.

"Your friend's got brains." A smirk was curled into Steward's lips, "But today, none of you are getting away."

He'd been hunting her for two days, and now she'd waltzed right into his hands. Tonight, she was going down too!

tough, huh," Arabella tossed Sam

be looked down on by a mere girl. The last time they'd met, he'd been lenient, sparing her his worst out of a twisted sense of

the two were locked in a fierce battle. As the others saw that Sam was with Horace,

with him at the center, steadily closing in. He watched helplessly as they cocked their guns, barrels aimed straight at

he had wings to

she saw the crowd surrounding Horace. She

an inch closer, and

crowd hesitated, their nimble boss Steward, now helpless in the grip of a girl. And Steward looked beaten up, utterly

someone dropped a smoke shell and she ran away during the chaos. He hadn't really confronted with her personally,

couldn't only admit that there was always someone better

"Steward." No one dared to make a move, fearing for their boss's life.

But Steward still had some nerve left in him, "Don't be afraid, she won't shoot. Today, we're taking them all down. What are you waiting for? Move!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Arabella pressed the gun even closer to his head, and even pulled the trigger, her presence icy and menacing.

"Buddy, I'd shut it if I were you. Our boss here, she'll really send you to meet your maker." Horace, holding onto Sam, offered his advice sympathetically, "Maybe you should tell your guys to back off. We just want this guy; no need to end your lives."

"This guy, we're taking him." Steward had already botched things up last time; he was dead set on capturing them now, "Not just him, I want you two as well."

"You're overestimating yourself," Arabella pulled the trigger, the bullet whizzing just over his head, threading through his hair.

The crowd gasped, even Steward nearly lost his composure. Seeing strands of his hair fall to the ground, he felt his knees weaken.